Uni Soli e Jesus.

Edw. Hoby 3.

6.

HONORS FAME IN TRIVMPH RIDING.

(*.*)

OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE LATE HONORABLE EARLE OF ESSEX.

(*.*)

LONDON,
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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARLES OF SOVTHHAMPTON and Deuonſhire, and the Lord KNOVLES, Baron of Greyes, R. P. wiſheth all increaſe of honor, and endleſſe happineſſe.

Right honorable, and worthily renowmed Lords, ſuch is the mutabilitye of times vnconſtant motion: as that things well done cannot challeenge to themſelues, the certainty of their euent, nor without ſuſpect of euill (miſconſtrued deputation) build their hope. And when the wel meaning actions of mighty men cannot (in permanent ſtabilitye) ſtand cleared from the after-rayſd vp miſty Meteors which may encomber them: what then ſhoulde I expect (being no other then poeritye it ſelfe) but that this work by me aduentured ſhould with my ſelf dangerouſly run vpon vncertaine hopes? although the vprightnes of my conſcience vowes, I haue not hereunto bin lead by any particular inuective ſpleen or turbulent affection: only a priuate conſideration made me thinke, that it might now be a time in which the praiſe of honours worthines might haue his place, and not any longer by a violent impoſition be taxed with vndeſerued euill. It were inhumane tyranny, to forbid the vertues of the dead to be cõmended: and no leſſe cruelty to charge the deceaſed with vncõmitted offences. I here are certain politicians in this age, not vnlike the Grecian Orators, which Diogenes *called* δισωματους, *thriſe double men: their tongues and pens are miſerably valiant: they may well*

be armed three times thrise double minded men: their every station tottering stands, aloft, like windmils placed upon a mountayns top, whose sayles can turne themselues to embrace the benefit of each variable blast: but, being climbd vnto an extraordinary height, are oft times by an vnexpected storme sodainly throwne headlong downe, and broken at the mountains foote: leauing their recuerlesse ruines to remayne vnmoaned monuments of their presumptuous mounting. Some goulden mouthed eloquence, that vseth a detractors Oratry, may stop the vnequall current of his fine wits most grosse ingendred flux by fetching from the Tyrant Nero a very wel prescribed documēt. For plainly thus his affirmation sayth: that it is no part of a wise man thence to drawe credit to himselfe, from whence proceedeth discredit to his friend. Is it not maruell that a rhetoricall politician should be lesse wise then wicked Nero was? & that his sentence shoulde directly call him foole? yet thus it happeneth, when with the change of time, Time seruers vse to say, Hac non succedit: alia aggrediendum est via.

When honor and vnstaind nobility, by ill aduise and inconsiderate thoughts, vntimely falls into some daungerous accident: then though the Lawe, in robes of iustice armd, with quick pursuite doth follow euils amisse: yet should no minde on such dependance dwell: as if his wish-for time of triumph were imbrac't, when he might glory in honored vertues fall: and like a lampe of proude degenerate brasen insolence, enuen in the gall of enuie, hate, and malice steept, scornefully impugne the honor of a Lands renowmed nobleneſſe. God, with my soule, an vncontrowled witnes beare: I not desire to speake against the iustice of the Lawe, nor any honorable magistrate in place of Councel or of gouernment: only my words may meerly glance at such whose proud demeanour, & insulting

ting violence, made to the world an apparant demonſtration that they were moſt toyfull actors in a mournefull tragedy: but now the iuſtice of the heauens decree hath moſt iuſtly throwne themſelues vnto the ſtroke of the ſelfe ſame iudgement. And now, my honorable Lords, when I looke back vnto my owne vnworthineſſe, my Muſe doth ſound retrayte, and bids me ſtay the further occurrence of ſome other thinges, which wold moſt willingly be iſſuing forth. And for this little worke already done by me, with lowe ſubmiſſion I intreate your pardon: and do ſolemnly proteſt, that the vnfained loue I beare vnto the late Honorable, and yet ſtill honored Earle of Eſſex, hath with an inuincible force cauſed me to make this briefe deſcription of his life and death. And though I deſire to be freed from a Poets name; yet becauſe the muſick of a mourning verſe doth beſt conſort with ſorrowes paſſion, I haue made choyſe thereof, in hope your L L. will be pleaſed to excuſe my vnpoliſht, rough, vnſmoothed Poetry. My greateſt ſtudie with religious care hath ſought to build my words vpon the ground of truth: & hauing brought my labor to an end, I knew not better vnto whome to dedicate the ſame, then to your Honors. Not for my ſake then, but for his, whoſe vertues I deſire ſhould liue, be pleaſed to receiue this well meaning worke into your loues protection: and thus, with all ſubmiſſiue humbleneſſe, a ſouldier humbly throwes his lines ſeruice at your Honors feet.

Yours, in all dutifull obedience,

R. P.

To the Reader, health.

ALthough, right courteous Reader, my former writings haue not so imbouldned me, as that I should againe aduenture to bring my selfe vnto so miserable a punishment, as the third time to indure the presse: yet choosing rather to dy, then not to manifest my loue vnto an honorable deceased Earle, I haue, out of the affection of an honest mind, desired to set before your eyes the fame of honor, in his Triumph riding: and doe hope, that for his sake, whose liuing vertues I labour to commende, this worke of mine shall bring it selfe into your kinde acceptance. And as you desire that the plants of honor, now established, should flourish with a glorious dignity, doe not choose out any one particular, whose fame and prayse you will desire to follow, with the generality of a popular estimation: nor inuolue the person of a noble man in the ayerie cloudes of your intemperate *Aue*: least the honour, which you most desire to preserue, bee vntimely poysoned by your breath: of which euent, this after following briefe description contaynes a mournefull spectacle. Reade therefore with respective diligence, and haue greate regarde, you do no iniurie, by setting any impositon in his wrong place: which you shall directly doe, if you beare my wordes against any, which doe now continue in place of honour, honorablye deserving: for vnto them the Authour doth ateribe all honourable estimation. Thus the good opinion of eache well affected reader he desireth, whose hearte preferreth theyr content before his owne, whose life is readie in a souldiers place; vnto the last article of death, to manifest the vnfayned loue he beareth vnto his countries publick benefite. *Vale.*

Honors fame, in Triumph riding.

FRom forth the duſt, my lines deſire to rayſe
bright honors fame, in triũphs ſtate to ride,
Whoſe liuing worth did ſo adorne his prayſe,
as that his glory ſhall to the world abide
The only Mirror of a valiant mind, (clin'd,
Whoſe Honors thoughts, not to baſe wealth in-
Doe make him liue, though long ſince dead,
And crownes with bayes his buried head.

Whil'ſt breath gaue ſtrength, vnto his warlike (arme,
he did vphould the pompe of *Englands* ſtate:
He ſtroue to ſhield his natiue ſoyle from harme,
and did the pride of proudeſt foes abate:
A kingdomes eyes once ſawe his faithfull truſt,
And did accompt his actions wiſe and iuſt:
Greate Maieſtie, and wiſedomes Queene,
Would ſay his life was neuer ſeene.

Euen from his youth, till yeares of riper ſtrength,
in vertues ſchoole, a ſtudious life he ſpent:
His Honors thoughts deſir'd & gaind, at length,
Minerua's food the ſweet of his content:
Apollo deckt his Muſe in ſiluers ſhine,
And wrapt in gold his goulden thoughts diuine:
Honours wonder, wiſedoms mirror,
In his braue breaſt liued together.

When creeping time had brought to manhoods
this honored bud al glorious in his ſpring, (yeers
Then as the ſunne from forth a cloude appears,
and doth his light with greater brightnes bring:
So did this prince: his thoughts maieſticall
Made him to be great *Leſters* Generall;
Braue troupes of horſe he brauely led,
And thus at firſt his fame was ſpred.

But when to *Frãce* his warlike mind had brought
him ſelfe, well arm'd, vpon baye *Traces* back:
The king and Lords his loue and fauor ſought,
nor gold nor coyn that valiãt prince could lack.
I ſawe his ſword all bath'd in Foemans bloud,
A broken lance in *Traces* breaſt there ſtood:
French king and Peers did dignifie
This Peerleſſe warriers Cheualry.

But when he went to fruitfull *Portingale*,
for to inthroane a mournefull banniſht king,
How did his deeds his prayſe to heauen exhale!
his honors worth you ſacred Muſes ſing.
Spaines Chronicle, and *Lisborne* gates can tell,
His warlike arme deſerued wondrous well:
His foes themſelues keepe in record,
That none durſt combat with that Lord.

When

in Triumph Riding.

When Sun-burnt *Spaine* in heate of angers toyle,
Did with his Lords in ſollome counſell ſet:
Vowing to worke faire *Albions* vtter ſpoile,
Againſt whoſe ſtate his breſt with ſpleene did fret:
This newes no ſooner vnto *Albian* came,
But this braue prince, was thought the worthieſt man:
And as *Spaine* ment to worke our woe,
He thither went, and vſed them ſo.

Let *Cales* tell forth the honor of his deeds,
His valiant prowes, and his iuſtice ſuch:
As who ſo but their owne deſcription reed,
Will ſay of truth, that he deſeru'd as much
As euer any noble Conquerer did,
His Conquering ſword was with ſuch mercie led:
As dateleſſe time ſhall ſpeake his fame,
And blaze the honor of his name.

In field, in Court, in peace, in war, he ſtood
Inuironed with honor and deſart:
From him did flow the ſtreames of vertues flood,
He doubtles had a ſound and faithfull hart.
To Prince and States, and for the publike weale,
The things amiſſe he alwaies ſought to heale:
Thus did he ſtand belou'd of all,
And yet the Fates decreed his fall.

Vnhappie time that sent him from this land,
Vnhappie warres that his imployment sought:
Vnhappie broiles rais'd by rebellious hand,
Vnhappie cause that fowle suspition wrought:
Vnhappie all, for all vnhappie be,
Vnhappie those that wisht his miserie:
Vnhappie meanes that did direct,
The cause to worke vntrue suspect.

His noble selfe, had he bene fortunate,
Irelands peace had well effected bin:
Without mistrust of danger to the state,
But when to march his armie did begin,
Some misse there was, directions all not kept,
Enuie rous'd vp, that winkt but neuer slept:
Aduantage tooke, when harmeles thought,
To good effect would all haue brought.

In course of warre, a Prince both wise and iust,
Must not by booke his march and battells make:
To each occasion turne his hand he must,
And as offence is giuen, so wisely take
Aduantage of the cause, the time and place,
Prescribed rules will else procure disgrace:
These paper plots wantes iudgement right,
To teach an army how to fight.

But

But this I thinke, and heauens me witneſſe beare,
Though ill ſucceſſe vpon his Troopes did wait
His honours minde, ſtill kept a princely care
Warres worke to doe without corrupt deceit,
And willingly he neuer did intend
His force againſt his countries good to bend:
But ſeeming ill was ill approu'd
By them who not his honour lou'd.

Harmeleſſe in thought when he a peace had made,
He back returnes to his beloued Queene,
Thinking to reſt ſecure vnder her ſhade,
To whome ſhe had a gratious miſtris beene:
But wanting warrant for his back returne,
Diſpleaſed anger ſoftly gan to burne:
And ſome that did a flame deſire,
Threw flax and oyle into the fire.

This action thus when it at firſt begun,
And he reſtraind from Court a priſoner ſent:
In *Ireland* ſhinde faire *Englands* golden Sun,
Whoſe valiant minde to vertuous actions bent:
With wiſdomes care and honoured labor ſought,
The meanes whereby rebellions land was brought:
Vnto that peace which firſt was framde,
By him whome ſome vniuſtly blamde.

Whilſt noble honour ſhut vp in diſgrace,
Could not haue leaue to vertues Queene to goe:
Before her Throne to ſpeake and pleade his caſe,
And to her mercie tell his griefes ſad woe:
Then in that time an vndermining wit,
Did cloſly frame all actions iumply fit.
Molehills were to mountaines raiſde,
Each little fault was much diſpraiſde.

The Vulgar eies they lookt, but could not ſee
The cauſe whereon this courſe it ſelfe did ground:
And for that they the more deceiu'd might be,
Againſt him then were ſtrange obiections found:
But this in them more admiration mou'd,
VVhen much was ſaid, but nothing duly prou'd.
Such triall then they did expect,
As might their thoughts to truth direct.

Oft early would the people ſwiftly throng,
To that great court where honoured wiſdome ſets
He that went firſt would thinke he ſtaide too long,
For golde or ſiluer there a place he gets:
Where it was ſaid impeach'd honour ſhould ſtand
To waſh the gilt from of an vnſtaind hand.
All this was yet but labour loſt,
For pollicie that courſe had croſt.

in Triumph Riding.

The beautie of all Kingdoms peerleſſe ſhe;
VVhilſt breathing life did make her ſtate to floriſh:
Would that in publike heard his caſe ſhould be:
VVhoſe life ſhe lou'd, and euer ſought to nouriſh:
But eloquence another plot compriſde,
VVhich to be beſt, her highneſſe was aduiſde.
Herein lay hid the ſecret ill,
She ſought to chide, they ſought to kill.

A priuate hearing was appointed then,
VVhere loues beſt Lord to each thing anſwer muſt:
The Councell graue with other noble men,
Commiſsion had to proue him falſe or iuſt:
To throw him downe he lendes a powerfull hand,
VVho by his helpe was made aloft to ſtand.
Obiections then with greateſt force,
Gainſt honours Earle hild on their courſe.

Valiant, renownd, and magnanimious ſpirit,
Submiſſiuely his humble ſelfe did beare:
His lowly meekeneſſe wonderous praiſe did merit:
Of them who did his wiſdomes anſwers heare:
No traiterous act then ſtaind his honours brow,
No fault of his could treaſons name allow.
O heauens! why then did after time,
VVrap honours Lord in treaſons crime?

The *Queene* of iuſtice hearing what was done,
That perfite honour with an humble minde:
With low ſubmiſsion to her Throne did runne,
And crau'd he might her mercies fauour finde:
Her *Princely* heart contentments ioy imbrac'd,
And in her loue, loues Lord againe was plac'd:
Then was there hope rhat ſhortly he,
To place in Court reſtorde ſhould be.

But Enuie, why didſt thou againe conſpire?
Abuſde occaſion, why didſt thou diſpleaſe?
Suſpition, why didſt thou inflame new fire?
Were all agreed bright honours creſt to ſeaze?
What ſecret action did inact the thing,
That diſcontent to *Mercies Queene* did bring?
She was appeaſde, what new ſowne ſeede,
Brought forth ſuch fruite her wrath to breede.

Was all things well, and all things ill ſo ſoone?
Was no miſtruſt, and now miſtruſt abounding:
Wa'ſt then a time to light a torch at noone?
Was honour thē ſelf-honors courſe confounding?
Why this was ſtrange, from Court to keepe him ſtill,
T'was not amiſſe to doubt ſome farther ill:
Such worſhippers of policie,
Commits moſt fowle idolatrie.

But by this meanes true honour was reſtrainde,
From her the miſtris of his life and death:
He found himſelfe of baſe-bred groomes diſdainde,
In paſſion then he ſight forth ſorrowes breath:
The preſẽce of his *Queene* whoſe ſight moſt ioyd him,
Had giuen him life, the want thereof deſtroid him.
Oh that a *Loyall* heart ſhould be,
Shut from his Soueraignes clemencie.

Let but the man of honour and renowne,
That is adorned with his Soueraignes loue:
Whoſe heart is ſound vnto the State and Crowne,
Whoſe thoughts do alwaies faithfull motions moue:
If exilde from his King he ſhould remaine,
And as a Traitor beare diſhonours ſtaine:
What would he thinke, or what courſe take?
Let noble mindes the anſwere make.

From hence at laſt greefes boundleſſe Ocian flowes,
Turning woes ſtreames into a flood of ſorrow:
And to ſuch height ſad diſcontentment growes,
As that it ſeekes ſome meanes of helpe to borrow:
Hope tells a courſe, thats croſt, an other ſought,
This vrg'd occaſion his confuſion wrought:
Still to his *Queene* he ſtriues to goe,
Kept back afreſh, begins his woe.

Thus

Thus monthes and yeares in reſtles harbour toſt,
A patient hope indures a raging ſtorme:
Bright honors ſhip did find it ſelfe neare loſt,
His Cable burſt, and all his tacklings torne:
Through rockes, through cliffes, through walls of (braſſe
His noble minde did then reſolue to paſſe:
For if to *Thetis* get he could,
Saue life, and men, and ſhip he ſhould.

Thence did proceed the rigor of that day,
VVhen haples life to liue did helpeles ſtriue:
Diſpaire inrag'd did beare too great a ſway,
Hope could not at his wiſh for hauen arriue:
Reuenge, miſtruſt and hate, preuention wrought,
VVith bloody mouthes, they his deſtruction ſought
From euill to worſe, poore Earle he fled,
So was he to the ſlaughter led.

Guarded with friends, vntimely forth he goes,
To raiſe a force ſo ſtrong his part to take:
As that he might remoue his ſetled foes,
And to his Queene a quiet paſſage make:
But faithles hate did preſently deuiſe,
Proclayme him traytor, out alonde he cries;
The name of traytor kild him dead,
So he aliue was murthered.

Doubtle

in Triumph riding.

Doubtles I thinke he had no Traytors hart,
'Gainſt Queene and State he did no treaſon plot;
No more did they that then did take his part:
He onely ſtroue 'gainſt them that lou'd him not:
But yet the Lawe their act did treaſon make.
Such hoſtile armes no ſubiects vp muſt take.
Thus when he thought an euill to ſhun,
A greater euill by him was done.

The Law hath paſt, Iuſtice his ſtroke hath ſtrooke,
And he is dead, yet ſhal he ſtill ſuruiue:
Vpon his honoured Vertues will I looke,
And make them liue as were himſelfe aliue:
He dyde for treaſon; yet no Traytor. Why?
The Treaſon done, he did it ignorantly.
Intent and purpoſe in the act,
Is that which makes a Traytors fact.

But God forbid ſuch Action ſhould be good,
As raſhly into rude Combuſtion throwes
A Kingdomes State, and wraps her breſt in blood;
Where peace in pomp with glorious plenty growes.
And for this cauſe, I thinke that *Iuſtice* ment,
To make his death a mournfull Preſident:
His tryall could example giue.
Why did not *Mercy* let him liue?

Becauſe that *Mercy* not arightly knew
His heart, whom *ſhe* diſloyall did account,
Report did feed *her* taſte with Gall and Rue;
For by his fall, ſome other vp muſt mount,
And ſo they haue the Gallowes top vnto;
For euer ſo may ſuch like Mounters doe:
But God is iuſt, ſo ſhall they finde,
That lay their plots with bloudy minde.

With humble lynes to Englands honored State,
A Souldiers paſſion doeth deſire to flye,
Who neuer ſought that Lord to ruinate,
Nor chaſe him with bloud-thirſty cruelty.
True honour? No, ſome baſer ſtuffe it was,
That ſought to bring that ſtratageme to paſſe:
For in that time Peeres were no men,
They walkt about like ſhaddowes then.

Yet in the ranke of Honour, Honours grace,
Reuerend, renowm'd, religious, vertuous, learn'd,
Graue, ſober, chaſte, vpheld a Primates place,
Whoſe godly wiſdome Englands eyes diſcearnd,
His ſoule diuine was to that Earle a friend,
Whom froward fate bequeath'd to fatall end:
But now their ſoules in pureſt loue,
Liue with their Chriſt in heauens aboue.

Then

Then *Honours Seat*, and Wiſdomes fountayne pure,
Iudgemēt approu'd, the rule of Conſcience ſound,
His grieued thoughts did woes extreme endure,
As did his loue: ſo did his griefes abound.
A *Iuſtice Chiefe*, an equall loue preferres:
No kingdome hath two worthyer *Iuſticers*:
Both theſe did mourne when Honour fell;
For both were knowne to wiſh him well.

And in my mind of Lords & Earles I view (thrown,
A mourning troup, whoſe looks all downward
Told to the world, that they were mourners true;
They reapt the fruit that ſorrowes ſeed had ſown:
Ladies wiſe, fayre, and chaſte, they weeping went,
Sad time ſad cauſe procur'd their diſcontent:
Though Law ſtrict courſe of Iuſtice kept,
The moſt and beſt of all ſorts wept.

Then Noble minds wil help my Muſe to mourne
The loſſe of him, whom Honour did aduance,
In their ſad thoughts, haue Sable robes bin worne,
They ſigh to thinke of that ſiniſter chance,
Whoſe bloudy hād with fatal death ſnatcht hence
That honored Earle, true Honours Excellence.
Doe him this right, and Honour gayne,
Pluck from his Hearſe falſe rumors ſtayne.

Oh how I grieue! Report doeth wound my soule:
So many treasons 'gainst that Earle obiected,
Who whilst he liu'd, could those reports cõtroules
And but in one, that last, and least detected:
Kill him no more, too well we know hee's dead,
Whose life would now a ioyes content haue bred.
No paper-powder rayl'd vp smoke,
Can Fames true honored vertues choke.

It's false, to say, hee would a King haue bin:
From faith & honor he made no such digression:
His heart was cleare from such so foule a sin,
He alwayes stood for this approu'd Succession,
Which happily doeth now the Throne possesse:
Heauens mighty God protect his Mightinesse.
Dead Earle, amidst bright Angels wings,
Amen thy heauenly Spirit sings.

Damme vp your mouthes, foule Enuies insolence,
Fil not the world with monstrous mouthed lies,
Of hate and malice you are the Instruments,
Though smoothly you can closely temporize:
Wrong not the dead, nor liuing honor wound:
Let not one fault all vertues worth confound.
To make the best of things misdone,
Hath alwayes greatest honour wonne.

No

in Triumph riding.

No cauſe there was, that in his luckleſſe fall,
So proudly ſome ſhould triumph as they did,
Againſt an Earle to ſpit impoyſoned gall:
But bloudy thoughts were made in bloud ſo red
As heat and rage too much himſelfe forgot,
And boldly ſpake, he car'd not how, nor what.
No vp-ſtart groome ſprung from the Cart,
Should braue the honour of a lands deſart.

So vſe baſe minds in greatneſſe to forget
The place whence firſt they their beginning had,
Their proud diſdayne the nobleſt breſt would hit:
The fall of honour makes them wondrous glad.
So was't: or elſe he rather would haue wept,
Then proudly ſuch a ruffling coyle haue kept:
In this I ioy, his Prophecy
The time hath turn'd to foolery.

He was not laſt, though laſt that ſo ſhall end.
We haue a Bud, ſprung frō that honored Branch:
God, in thy loue doe thou that Earle defend,
And ſo his ſtate by vertues ſteps aduance,
As he may grow an honour to his King,
Whoſe mercy did his youth to honor bring:
And he that dreſt his fathers diſh,
Lord, let his end be worſe then his.

England, beare witneſſe, deceaſed Honour dyde
Rich in thy Loue, his Loue was pure to thee,
Not for his gayne; but for thy good he tryde,
To doe what might become his Dignity:
He hated Bribes, Extortion he defide,
Gayne by thy loſſe, his noble heart denyde:
To doe thee good, he ſpent his wealth,
His Ioy conſiſted in thy health.

The Church of God, Diuine religious Grace
Was grac'd by him, his heauenly ſanctity,
Vnto the written Truth of God gaue place,
His heart did loue the reuerend Miniſtery:
All Popiſh traſh, and Romes inuentions vilde,
Were from his Soule, as hatefull things exilde.
Good men from foes hee did protect,
The poore he neuer did reiect.

He was no Churle, nor wretch-like couetous,
His noble Breſt, as droſſe, baſe gold eſteemd,
Valiant, Liberall, Wiſe and Vertuous,
His honor more then all worlds wealth he deemd.
Some could in print his honored Bounty ſcorne,
That largely bare frō him great ſheaues of corne.
Such tricks as theſe Time-ſeruers vſe,
What Vertue will they not abuſe?

He

in Triumph riding.

He faythfull was and conſtant to his friend,
In Loue and Iuſtice alwayes permanent,
His Honours Word, who did thereon depend,
Found, that true Action with his Promiſe went,
No purſe nor pocket could that Lord contayne
Who giues moſt. Fy, he ſcorn'd ſuch hateful gain.
No partiall eye made bad things good;
T'wixt both, that Prince vprightly ſtood.

He was not hollow, like the Vaults of hell,
His ſoundneſſe fled from baſe hypocriſy,
He fetcht no rules from hel-borne *Machiauel*,
His learning was diuine Philoſophy,
His word and deed without a falſe intending,
In Honors Lyſt went on, the Truth commending;
His vertues ſteps to Truth enclinde,
Cloſe ſubtile falſhood vnderminde.

In deeds of Warre, he was a Souldier tryde,
True Fortitude dwelt in his valiant breſt,
The hope of England on his Sword relyde,
Amongſt our Worthies let him ſtand for beſt:
When he was armde in warres Habillments,
His Glorie ſeemde a matchleſſe Excellence;
His perſon, as his vertues rare,
Might Peereleſſe with the world compare.

Honours Fame,

His Wisdome, Learning and his Eloquence,
His well-grac't speech and flowing vtterance,
His quicke conceit and Wisdomes comprehence:
All these rare Gifts his honour did aduance,
And made him liue the Mirrour of our time,
Beyõd whose worth, no worthier step could clime.
God and Nature did consent,
To make his Substance excellent.

He was not proud, but humble, courteous, meeke:
Ambitious then, who rightly terme him can?
From Articke Pole to the Antartike seeke,
But neuer finde a brauer Gentleman:
Crosse all the Zoans, and in no Clymate dwells
A Vertue, that his Vertues worth excells:
But he is dead, yet shall he liue,
Fame to his praise shall honor giue.

Where's now the heart of Flint or Marble stone,
That mournes not for the losse of him so deare?
The *Flower* of a Kingdomes pride is gone:
No Time, no land brought foorth a worthyer Peere:
No King nor Queen a better seruant had,
No Subiect more did make his countrey glad:
And for his fault, to mourne with mee,
Millions of weeping eyes I see.

Who

in Triumph riding.

Who ſo beheld the choiſe of natures arte,
with noble preſence and Maieſtick ſteps,
When from his chamber honor did depart,
to place preparde a fatall death to fetch,
Might there haue ſeene ſhine in a princely eye,
The beames of honour and nobilitie:
Valiant proweſſe, reſolution rare,
Vndanted thoughts to death did beare.

He like himſelfe in róabes of honor clad,
with countnance cleare and lookes heroi call,
Went on as if in heart he had beene glad,
to meete his friends at ſome great feaſtiuall.
His noble minde the path of death did tread,
As if it did vnto ſome triumph lead.
And thus by this thinke in thy thought,
Thou ſee'ſt him to the ſcaffold brought.

Nay weepe not yet, reade on, an Earle behold,
as conſtant as is heauens celeſtiall frame:
See how he mounts with valiant courage bold,
in bloud to write the letters of his fame.
Vpon the ſcaffold ſee him walking now,
To deaths ſpectators doth he humbly bow:
Oh her's a ſight yet comes a worſe,
To make the world that time to curſe.

The oracle of godly wiſdome then,
with ſiluer ſound, theſe ſpeeches forth did ſend:
My Lords, and all you worthy Gentlemen,
that comes to ſee the period of my end.
I not denie, but this confeſſe I muſt,
My triall hath beene honourably, iuſt:
And ſo the lawe my cauſe did trie,
As iuſtice doom'd me thus to die.

Yet in the preſence of that all Creators ſight,
before whoſe throne I preſently ſhall ſtand:
Againſt the ſtate I neuer bent my might,
nor gainſt my ſoueraigne reard a traitors hand,
Some priuate foes my ſword would haue diſplaſt,
By whom I thought my honour was diſgraſt:
From that intent grew my amis,
For which offence death welcome is.

With things below I haue not now to deale,
my peace twixt God and conſcience muſt I make:
And that my Chriſt his woũds my woũds may heale
pray all with me that God for Chriſt his ſake,
Would in his death intombe my ſinnes moſt vilde,
That dying, I may dye his faithfull childe:
So kneeling downe, zeale, ſorrow, faith,
To God a heauenly praier ſaith.

Not

in triumph riding.

Not any tongue more heauenly graces ſpake,
not any hart more godly ſorrow felt:
Not any Prince a wiſer prayer could make,
not any ſoule with God and conſcience delt
More plainely, nor made better teſtament,
That from this world his ſoule to glorie went,
With gracious ſpirit he begins,
And gratiouſly his prayer ends.

Then riſing vp, with vnſtainde glorie ſtill,
he doth himſelfe for ſtroake of death prepare:
Off goes his gowne, and with an humble will,
his band throwne hence, his neck he leaueth bare.
His doublet next, his honoured ſelfe layes by,
with ſmiling lookes, and cheerefull maieſtie,
To read, and weep, is order kept,
With him that ſigh'd, and writ, and wept.

The hand that then ſhould ſend him to his graue,
he calles to ſee, feare playes the hangmans part,
But Nobleneſſe, a noble welcome gaue,
my friend ſaid he, why faints thou in thy hart.
Reſolue to doe thy office cheerefully,
The deaths man kneeling, doth for pardon crye.
Honor bids riſe, why ſhouldſt thou feare,
Thou art but Iuſtice miniſter.

Thus nobly did the life of honors breath,
a conqueror like all worldies respects subdue:
So did he triumph in the gates of death,
as if he then no such like danger knew.
Oh let his fame vnto the world be spred,
Whose fortitude was neuer conquered:
Let thy conceit his action see,
And reade, and sigh, and weepe with me.

Now takes he leaue of all the standers by,
his comely grace was vertues ornament:
Griefe then drownd vp each sad beholders eye,
whilst his blest soule was wrapt in sweet content.
Then kneeling downe, all prostrate flat he lies,
With neck on block, his bloud to sacrifice,
And to his deaths-man say he did,
Strike when thou seest my armes are spred.
(throwne,
There might you see how Honour downe was
and yet his eyes from earth to heauen ascends:
His youth was like a lofty Ceder growne,
but now his death his soule to heauen cõmends.
My Christ saith he, I come, thy armes vnfolde,
My soule do thou in thy imbracements holde:
And thus he bids the world adue,
And then his armes abroad he threw.

Stay

Stay, pawſe, thinke, ſigh, weepe firſt, & then read on,
now comes a ſight to rend woes hart in ſunder:
No mournefull eye did euer looke vpon
a wofull worke perform'd with greater wonder.
Reſolued honour now perceiue you may,
All tearles for the ſtroake of death doth ſtay:
His eyes, his lookes to heauen commends,
The place to which his ſoule intends.

Baſe wretch, whoſe hand true honors bloud ſhould ſpill,
deaths axe did firſt into his ſhoulder ſtrike:
Vpreard againe he ſtrikes a blow as ill,
nor one nor other were directed right.
Honor ne're moou'd, a third blow did deuide
The body from the worlds admired pride:
Was that the way to loſe a head,
To haue an Earle ſo butchered?

From gaping wounds pure ſtreames of bloud guſht forth
from azurd vaines the foode of life diſtild:
Wiſedome, loue, faith, renowne and honor both,
were all at once thus hackt, thus chopt, thus kild.
There was a ſight to ſend forth ſorrowes floud,
A Swanny whitenes wrapt in robes of bloud:
But thinke you ſaw him, and for his ſake,
Then let your teares woes period make.

Thus masacard in strength of lusty youth,
was *Englands* Earle, whose worth the world admir'd
His life till now had prou'd his honors truth,
vntimely was his fatall death conspir'd.
If any read, whose hand was stain'd therein,
Let some vild death, make known his damned sin,
The rest that mourne, let sorrowes tide
Make honors fame in triumph ride.

Go to the Courts of Denmarke, France & Spaine,
and sadly tell his doletull tragicke seane:
And marke what sighs your words will entertaine,
and see what teares from honored eies wil streame
In any place within earths compasse round,
This tale but told, may sighs and teares be sound:
Faire Ladies they with drownd vp eies
To honors fame will sacrifice.

And when report hath tolde his sorrowes story,
his life and death, and actions done by him:
Then reard vp hands will wonder at his glory,
each hearer seemes in sorrowes flouds to swim,
And then they say, would not his Queene forgiue
His fault that such a peereleſſe prince might liue?
Yes, had she knowne asmuch as they,
He had not then beene cast away.

Her

in Triumph riding.

Her *Royall breſt* was falſly oft accuſde,
of cruell deeds but *She* was mercies childe
For honors death *She* well may be excuſ'd,
by priuate tales rough worke was ſmoothly filde.
Could he but once *Her* glories ſight haue gaind,
And vnto *Her*, his wrongs and woes complaind:
Then had he liu'd, and that they knew,
Whoſe hate her hart from him withdrew.

But could her eyes theſe weeping lines peruſe,
her princely teares would ſhow hir ſorrows griefe:
Her ſelfe would ſay, they did hir grace abuſe,
that in that action were the actors chiefe.
And truth to ſay, I thinke her *Maieſty*:
Was chiefeſt mourner in that tragedy,
Though now a fluent nimble wit,
Can bouldly play the polliticke.

I doe not ſtriue *Inuectiuely* to ſpeake,
nor haue I will, a wilfull harme to doe:
A peace confirm'd I would by no meanes breake,
yet can I not like fawning flatterers woe.
Let truth be truth, and free the dead from wrong,
And blame him not that ſings this ſorrowes ſong,
For him who did a ſouldier loue,
Whoſe death a ſouldiers griefe doeth moue.

Vnto his Country, his honours bloud he gaue,
which for his Country, more better had bin ſpent:
Vnkinde his Country, that worthy bloud to craue,
which was for her, and for her ſeruice bent.

His mother *England* hauing ſlaine her ſonne,
The world will ſay it was vnkindly done:
Though iuſtice may with this diſpence,
It wanted mercies influence.

This Yron world hath Angell mercy left, (driuen:
worlds worldlings they that vertue hence haue
This rotten age is of that grace bereft,
that mercy now is onely plac'd in heauen.
And thither is the ghoſt of honor fled,
Through ayerie orbes by heauenly angels led,
Vnto that place where ioye excels,
And there the ſoule of honour dwels:

Where God and Chriſt, and holy ghoſt combinde
inuironde are with glory more, then if
Ten hundred thouſand ſunnes at once all ſhinde
and clearly ſhould their radient ſplendence guilt.
Amidſt that glory the ſoule of *Eſſex* ſtands,
In endleſſe ioy vpheld by Angels hands,
Then mourne no more, heauen hath his ſpirit,
Whoſe life on earth ſuch praiſe did merit.

But now heauens God, King, Queene & Prince and
inuiron roũd within thy loues protection: (ſtate,
Let *Britons Monarch* like the worlds triumphe rate,
rule ſtill in peace, rulde by thy lawes direction.
His Nobles bleſſe, and let no priuate hate,
Procure the meanes our peace to ruinate:
And thus my Muſe his farewell giues,
And tels the world Fames honour liues.

Vpon the Author and his ſubiect.

THou that true Honor from the graue doeſt raiſe,
And on Fames golden wings doeſt make it flie:
Who with thy Pen the neuer dying praiſe,
From ground doeſt lift vp to the Starrie skie,
Of that braue Earle, whoſe life the greateſt glory,
Whoſe death to *Britaine* yeeldes the ſaddeſt ſtorie.
Oh giue me leaue thy faithfull hart t'admire.
Which ſuffreſt not thy loue with him to dye:
But with thy Muſe doeſt make affections fire
To ſhine moſt bright, now he intomb'd doth lye.
And as thy ſword while he inioy'd his breath,
So now thy Pen doth ſerue him after death.
Thy worke I cannot ſay doth match his worth,
For heauen and earth doth equall that no more:
Tis praiſe for *Prickets* Pen, if it pricke forth
Some gowned Muſe his fortunes to deplore.
Schollers and Souldiers both were to him bound,
Why ſhould they not be both like thankefull found:
All thoſe braue *Romaines* whom the world admir'd
So much for their high magnanimitie,
With morrall vertues were not more inſpir'd,
Beſides his cleere light of Diuinitie.
All his lifes morne he like a *Romaine* led,
At noone like a Diuine went to deaths bed.
Epita. There ſleepes great *Eſſex*, dearling of mankinde,
Faire Honors lampe, ſoule Enuies pray, Artes fame,
Natures pride, Vertues bulwarke, Iure of minde,
Wiſdomes flower, Valoures tower, Fortunes ſhame:
Englands ſunne, *Belgias* light, *Frances* ſtar, *Spaines* thũder,
Lysbons lightning, *Irelands* clowde, the whole worlds
(wonder.

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